

*L. Annæus Seneca's*

# TROAS.

A

# TRAGEDY.

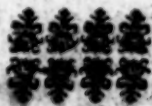
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Translated from the *Latine* by *J. Talbot*

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*Conamur tenues grandia---Horat.*

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L O N D O N :

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near Fleetstreet. 1686.

TR O A S.

TRA GEIDY.

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TRA GEIDY.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES  
EARL OF  
Shrewsbury, &c.

*My Lord,*

**I** Should never have ventured to expose this Trifle to the Censures of the World, had I not at the same time an Ambition to express, though not in the Work it self, at least in the Dedication of it, the ardent Desires I had to lay both It and My Self at your Lordships Feet; being very well assured, that the sweetness of Your Disposition will pardon the many Imperfections, which the Acuteness of Your Judgment cannot but discern. This Play, my Lord, being neither written by the Author, nor fitted by the Translator, to the Humour and Relish of the present

Age, and consequently having never stood the Test of a publick Theatre; would have small Encouragement to appear abroad, were it not sufficiently warranted by the Protection of Your Lordships Name: a Name, that as it has been the Terror of *France*, so it is the Pride of *England*: a Name, that having in your Victorious Ancestors so bravely maintain'd the Honour and Reputation of Your Family, and Your Country, cannot but cherish as well as defend whatever flies to Its great Protection. With these Hopes, my Lord, I have presumed to inscribe the following Translation to your Lordship, hoping, that as it was the Fruit of my vacant Hours, so it will be the Diverſion of yours; which is the utmost Ambition of,

*Your Lordship's most Obedient,*

*Humble Servant,*

J. T.



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TO THE  
R E A D E R,

Reader,

**I** Was informed since the finishing of this Translation, that Seneca has been taught some time since to speak such Language as the Times afforded; But I know not why That should discourage Me, or some better Genius (that I hope, will continue what I have but imperfectly begun) from the like Attempt, any more than Hopkins and Sternhold's Translation of David's Psalms (how blindly soever admitted and retained by the Vulgar) should deter a modern Pen from teaching him better English and Sence than They have done. I should not have presumed, after the late Earl of Rochester, to have translated the Second Chorus of this Play, had I either seen it, or heard of it before I had finish'd this: but since my Lord's is a Paraphrase, and Mine only a Translation, I have ventured to place my Own, with all its Imperfections, among the rest, that the whole Work may be of a Piece: neither shall I blush to own my self out-done by a Person, so much better than the Best of this Age.

The Stile of the Author, through this whole Play, is so noble, and the Moral part of it, for the generality, so good; that it is supposed by those Learned Criticks, Scaliger, and Heinsius, to have been written by Seneca the Philosopher. I have endeavour'd for  
the

the most part, to render Him into English as faithfully as I could, being very sensible, that to diminish any thing from so perfect a Piece, would be a great wrong to my Author; and to add any thing to it, no less presumption in my self; only where his Sentences were more pithy, and concise than either the Defect of our Tongue, or of my Self, would permit me to be, I have been forced to render Him more at large: the closeness of his Language in several places being such, that what an Eminent Author has lately said of Virgil, may justly be applied to Him, that he seems to have laboured not to be Translated. The Third Chorus I was forced to shorten, the endless and fruitless Enumeration of so many several Countries, being a fitter Work for a Geographer than a Poet. For the rest, Courteous Reader (for such I hope to find you,) I shall be very glad if the many Perfections of the Author can reconcile you to all the Failings of the Translator, who, as he wrote it at first to please Himself, now prints it to gratifie his Friends; and for them that are not such, he neither begs their Candor, nor fears their Censure.

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Dram.

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# Dramatis Personae

Grecians

Agamemnon, General of the Grecian Army.  
Priamus, King of Troy.  
Hector, a Trojan Hero.  
Paris, a Trojan Hero.  
Menelaus, King of Sparta.  
Helen, Wife of Menelaus, and Mother of Paris.

Trojans

Hecuba, Wife of Priamus.  
Andromache, Wife of Hector.  
Polyxena, Daughter of Priamus and  
Hecuba.  
Aeneas, Trojan Hero.

Greeks

Ulysses, a Greek Hero.  
Nestor, a Greek Hero.  
Diomedes, a Greek Hero.  
Achilles, a Greek Hero.  
Patroclus, a Greek Hero.  
Hippolytus, a Greek Hero.  
Thetis, a Greek Hero.  
Phoebus, a Greek Hero.  
Dionysus, a Greek Hero.  
Aphrodite, a Greek Hero.  
Hephaestus, a Greek Hero.  
Athena, a Greek Hero.  
Artemis, a Greek Hero.  
Diana, a Greek Hero.  
Venus, a Greek Hero.  
Mars, a Greek Hero.  
Jupiter, a Greek Hero.  
Neptune, a Greek Hero.  
Mercury, a Greek Hero.  
Ceres, a Greek Hero.  
Proserpine, a Greek Hero.  
Minerva, a Greek Hero.  
Vesta, a Greek Hero.  
Juno, a Greek Hero.  
Mars, a Greek Hero.  
Venus, a Greek Hero.  
Mercury, a Greek Hero.  
Neptune, a Greek Hero.  
Jupiter, a Greek Hero.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

## Grecians.

Agamemnon, *General of the Grecian Army.*  
Pyrrhus, *Son to Achilles.*  
Ulysses, *a Grecian Commander.*  
Talthybius, *an Officer in the Army.*  
Calchas, *a Priest.*  
Helena, *Wife to Menelaus, and Mistress to Paris.*

## Trojans.

Hecuba, *Wife to Priam.*  
Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*  
Astyanax, *Son to Hector and Andromache.*  
Polyxena, *(Muta Persona) Daughter to Priam and*  
*Hecuba.*  
*An old Trojan.*

*A Messenger.*

*Chorus.*

# Seneca's Troas.

## Act I.

*Enter Hecuba sola.*

**W**HAT ere thou art, that trustest to  
A Crown,  
And slightest th' inconstant Deities,  
look down

On Troy and Me: for ne'r did angry Fate  
Shew truer Embloms of th' uncertain State;  
The short liv'd Power, and Downfall of the Great;  
In th' humble Dust rich *Asia's* Pride does lie;  
Nor could its Builders give it Immortality.  
In vain did *Menelaus* and bold *Rhesus* come,  
Not to prevent, but sadly share our Doom.  
In her own Ashes Troy a Grave has found,  
And her proud Tow'rs are levell'd with the ground.  
The greedy Flames invade the Ambient Skies,  
As if they w'd reach the cruel Deities.

## SENECA'S TROAS.

Nor will their rage her very Ruines spare,  
 But preys upon her Ashes---See! the Air  
 In Clouds of Smoak has lost its native light,  
 And Troy must suffer an eternal Night.  
 With cruel Joy they view their helpless Prey,  
 Too great a Recompence for Ten years stay.  
 They fear her still, and scarce believe their Eye,  
 Proud of so great, so quick a Victory.

See how rich *Ilium*'s wealthy Spoils they tear:  
 More Trophies than their Thousand Ships can bear.

Witness ye Gods, ye Authors of our Woe:  
 Ye dear Remains of my poor Country too;  
 And Thou, poor Prince! whose cruel Destiny  
 Prevented Age, and buried Troy with Thee.  
 Witness my *Hector*'s Ghost, the Fate of Troy;

The *Grecian*'s Terror, and his Countrey's Joy:  
 And ye, unhappy Off-spring of my Womb,  
 Ye lesser Shades, whatever fatal Doom  
 From my ill-boding Daughters' mouth could come,  
 I saw it first, and did my tears express;  
 Nor was *Cassandra* only vain Prophetess:  
 'Twas not *Ulydes*' Sword, *Ulysses* skill  
 Unhappy *Ilium*'s richest blood could spill:  
 Nor could the perjur'd *Simon*'s crafty wile  
 The credulous King with specious Eyes beguile  
 In Me, O Troy, those fatal seeds were sown:  
 I bore thy Funeral Torch. (Oh that it were my own!) I

But why thus long do I deplore the Fate  
 Of Troy? Her sufferings are grown out of date,  
 And yield to fresher sorrows---

I saw



I saw Old *Priam's* blood at th' Altar spilt ;  
 The Altar blush'd at cruel *Pyrrhus* guilt.  
 I saw him twist those silver hairs a round  
 His curst hand, and drag him on the ground.  
 Then (Oh ! why live I to speak out the rest ?)  
 He sheath'd his Sword in *Priam's* willing breast,  
 Nor Fear, nor Pity could withhold his hands  
 From shaking out the few remaining sands  
 Of his short life, though all the Gods stood by ;  
 But They too triumph'd in our Misery,  
*Troy's* better Genius, and great *Hector's* Sire  
 Amidst those Flames, must want a Funeral Fire.

Nor are the cruel Gods yet satisfy'd :  
 See how the Lots our Progeny divide,  
 A mournful Prey to th' Victors Lust and Pride. }  
 One seeks *Antenor's*, t' other *Hector's* Wife ;  
*Cassandra* too is now become their Strife.  
 Each shuns My Lot, of Me they'r all afraid :  
 Oh ! whose unhappy Slave must I be made ?  
 Why, wretched Subjects, why d' ye cease to cry,  
 My Equals now in all, but Misery,  
 The mournful noise to fatal *Ida* send,  
 And with loud cries his hollow Vallies rend ;  
 Reach his proud Top, though it ascend to Heav'n, (giv'n  
 And teach him to repeat those Griefs, which There were

*Chorus of Trojan Women, and Hecuba.*

You need not teach us to shed Tears :  
 We've practis'd it for many Years ;

E're since unhappy *Paris* went to *Greece*,  
And taught our Pines to plough the Seas.

Ten times has *Ida*'s head been clad with Snow;  
(*Ida* the sharer of our Woe,

Our Griefs have made Him bare and naked too.)

Ten times has th' Harvest crown'd our Fields,  
And every day fresh Troubles yields:

Give You the Signal with up-lifted hands; (mands.

Our Sorrows shall prevent, and out-do your Com-  
*Hecub.* Come dear Companions of my Misery,

Loose, Loose your hair, and let it fly

About your Necks; your Arms prepare,

And your dishevell'd Tresses tear:

Your naked Beauties now display:

Let Modesty to Grief give way;

And let your Garments loosely flow.

So---this is right: and now I know

The *Trojan* Dames---Now all your Griefs renew.

Your Sighs for smaller Losses keep:

For *Hector*'s Death a more than common sorrow shew;

For *Hector* now let's weep.

*Cho.* Great *Hecuba* we have obey'd,

And each has strew'd *Troy*'s Ashes on her head.

*Hec.* Fill, fill your hands. This surely is our own. (Takes up

Now fling those useless Vestures down. a handful

Now Sorrow all thy forces try,

Now all thy skill apply.

Let *Rheus* join with us, and mourn;

Let hollow Ecchos the sad noise return:

# SENECA'S TROAS.

In loudest Accents let each Rock repeat  
All *Ilium's* Groans--Beat, wretched Matrons, beat  
Your breasts, and let Them eccho too;  
Let's weep for *Hector* now.

*Cho.* To Thee we pay these Tears, we send these Cries,  
Accept these mournful Obsequies.  
Thou shed'st thy Blood for Us; and we  
In gratitude do so for Thee.  
Thou wer't thy tottering Country's Prop,  
Her Guardian Angel, and her only Hope:  
By thee she stood, with thee she fell,  
Thy noblest Monument: how well  
Did one day finish both your Fates--

*Hec.* Change, change your Griefs: let's give some proof  
Of Love to *Priam*; *Hector* hath enough.

*Cho.* Accept this mournful Tribute of our Eyes,  
Thou who hast suffer'd two Captivities.  
Twice have the *Grecian* Weapons pierc'd our Hearts;  
Twice have we felt *Alcides* Darts.

And thou, brave Prince, who could'st no more enjoy  
Thy valiant Sons, scorn'st to out-live thy *Troy*.

*Hec.* Let us our Grief to some sad Object turn;

For *Priam's* Death we need not mourn,  
Since our own sufferings teach us to express  
Not Grief for's Death, but Joy for's Happiness.

Sing Happy *Priam* now; for he

With Death has purchas'd Liberty.

The *Grecian* Yoke he ne're will bear;  
Nor need he great *Atrides*, or *Ulysses* fear.

He:

He cannot now their Scorn, and Triumph be;  
Nor feel their glorious Bonds, and gilded Slavery.

*Cho.* Thrice happy *Priam* sing we all,  
Who with great *Troy* did'st fall.

Thou safely wander'st through th' *Elysian* Grove,  
And see'st the darling Object of thy Love.

O happy *Priam*! happy, who  
With thy own Fall, hast seen thy Country's too.

## ACT II.

*Enter Talthybius.*

*Talthybius,*

**W**Hat long delays our luckless Fleet attend,  
Whether they come from *Greece*, or thither bend?

*Cho.* What stays the *Grecian* Ships? *Talthybius*, say,  
What angry God does once more stop your way?

*Tal.* My trembling joints are loosen'd all with fear,  
And I am quite unmann'd---Prepare to hear  
Monsters beyond belief----

Scarce had the Sun with his returning Ray  
Gilded the World; and wak'd the new-born Day;  
When straight the labouring Earth sent forth a Groan,  
And the vast Caverns of the Deep were shown;  
Each frighted Tree his trembling Leaves did move,  
And fearful noises fill'd the hallow'd Grove;

The

The Sea began to fear, and durst not roar:  
His trembling Waves crept softly by the Shoar.  
The clefted Earth unlock'd her mighty Womb,  
And straight disclos'd the great *Achilles* Tomb.  
So full of rage did the dread Prince appear,  
When first he taught the *Thracians* how to fear:  
Or when with heaps he choak'd up *Xanthus* flood,  
And stain'd his Silver streams with *Trojan* blood:  
Or when he drag'd a-round with cruel Joy  
Dead *Hector's* Corps, and cri'd I've conquer'd *Troy*.  
And thus he spake----(aloud the Valleys round,  
And frighten'd Shoar restor'd the dreadful sound.

"Go, Wretches, go; share your ill gotten Prey,  
"And triumph o'er my Ashes: bear away  
"Once more those spoils, for which so long I fought,  
"And with my richest blood so dearly bought.  
"Over my Parent-Sea, your faithless Navy steer: (dear,  
"Despise my Anger *Greece*! but know't shall cost thee  
"Till at my Shrine Old *Priam's* Daughter dies,  
"And *Pyrhus* vengeful Sword performs the Sacrifice.

He spoke----(Ye *Grecians* credit what I tell;)  
And straight to shapeless Air unseen he fell.  
The Sea laid by his anger, and grew kind;  
And danc'd to th' gentler murmurs of the Wind,  
Whilst the glad *Tritons* in one Nuptial Chorus joyn'd.

Exit *Talthybius*.

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Enter Agamemnon, Pyrrhus, and Calchas.*

*Pyrrhus.*

**W**Hilst with wing'd speed our Ships do homewards  
fly,  
Must great *Achilles* unregarded lye?  
Is He forgot, whose conquering Hand alone  
Troy and her mighty Bulwark has o'rethrown,  
And in one Day did for Ten Years atone?  
Had your desir'd to give some nobler Proof  
Of gratitude, You could not do enough.  
See how each Soldier's laden with their Spoils,  
A noble Recompence for all his Toils,  
And did He, for such poor Rewards as these,  
Shake off the Fetters of ignoble Ease?  
Did he for this, despise his Mothers Tears,  
And bravely laugh at her prophetick Fears?  
For this did he, inspir'd with generous Rage,  
Choose a brave Death, before a long inglorious Age?  
And, when beset with all Love's mighty Charms,  
Betray a more than Man-like Thirst for Arms?  
When first proud *Telephus* would stop his way,  
And the Career of's growing Glories stay,  
He felt his yet unpractis'd Sword, and found  
From the same Hand a Remedy, and Wound.

*Lyrnessus*



*Lyrnessus* next, and *Thebes* his Conquests prov'd;  
*Cilla* and *Tenedos* equally belov'd  
 By *Phæbus*, felt his Arms, and *Chryse* too  
 Found what so young, so brave a man could do.  
 Towns conquer'd, Nations captiv'd, Kings o'rethrown,  
 Were early signs of what he would have done.  
 He still press'd on, and did fresh Glories trace:  
 He there began, where others end the Race.  
 So young a Victor this great Man appear'd,  
 And made new Wars, whilst he for War prepar'd.

Nor was this all the mighty Prince has done;  
 H' out-did himself in *Hector's* Death alone:  
 He bravely won, You basely sack the Town.

Oh! I could ever on this Subject dwell!  
 By him the brave unhappy *Mémnon* fell,  
 For whom in *Sables* sad *Aurora* mourn'd,  
 And the great Office of the Day adjourn'd.  
 He saw him fall, and learn'd from's Victory,  
 That the Gods Sons, as well as common Men, must die.

You'd gladly, did you his just Merits weigh,  
 A Tribute of *Mycenian* Virgins pay  
 To his sacred Ashes—Gods! d'ye start at this?  
 Can You think this a cruel Sacrifice?  
 You did not so, when, for false *Helens* sake,  
 You could an Offering of your Daughter make.  
 And can ye, can ye, cruel Prince, deny  
 To sacrifice to his Ghost an Enemy?

*Agam.* We're taught to impure Youths Passions to their  
 Age;

But, *Pyrrhus*, thine's Hereditary Rage.

Your head strong Father's Heats we tamely bore,  
 And shew'd our Patience equal to our Pow'r.  
 Stain not, young Man, the great Achilles Shade  
 With the base slaughter of a helpless Maid.  
 Insult not o're your Captives: learn, and know  
 What They must suffer, and what You must do.  
 Fierce Empires, like fierce Storms, are seldom long,  
 Whilst they that are less violent, are more strong.  
 If that coy Mistress, Fortune, should prove kind,  
 (Fortune, that governs all things but the Mind)  
 Let not our Pride, with her light Favours, rise,  
 But dread the Bounties of the too kind Deities.  
 My very Victories have made me know,  
 No State so mighty high, but it may fall as low.  
 Too much, upon this sudden Change, we swell,  
 Who only hold that Place, whence others fell.

'Tis true, at first I bore my self too high,  
 Big with the Fortune of this Victory.  
 But this one Thought does all my Pride allay,  
 That she which gives, can take her Gifts away.  
 That which makes Others blind, has made Me see:  
 Priam first taught me Pride, but now Humility.

Think not that Honour's false deceitful Light,  
 (Which I too well have known) can cheat my sight:  
 Think not the glitt'ring Emptiness of State  
 Can drown my Cares, or make my Crown no weight.  
 Less than Ten Years may rob us of our Prey:  
 Less than a Thousand Ships may carry All away.

I must confess, I came not to destroy,  
 But by my Conquest to have punish'd Troy.

But

But all my weak Endeavours prov'd in vain ;  
 What pow'r a conquering Enemy can restrain ?  
 Honour, and brave Revenge taught them to fight,  
 Encourag'd by the terrors of the Night.  
 Their Swords once drawn, they swore should never rest,  
 Nor e're be sheath'd, but in a *Trojan's* breast.  
 Too much on helpless Foes our Fury's spent :  
 Conquest, and Death's a double Punishment.  
 The Gods forbid that a weak Maid should fall,  
 And with her Murder grace his Funeral.  
 'Tis I that must be guilty, if she bleed :  
 He that forbids not, when h' has power, encourages the  
 Deed

*Pyr.* And is this all ?

*Agam.* No, *Pyrhus*, no ; we'll raise  
 His Name with lasting Monuments of Praise.  
 Nations unknown to us shall hear his Fame,  
 And Infants shall be taught to lisp his Name.

But since with Blood we must appease his Shade,  
 Our fairest *Beeves* an Offering shall be made !  
 Whole *Hecatombs* we'll pay him every Year,  
 Whose Blood may stand no Mother in a Tear.  
 Ask not Rewards, which he would blush to take ;  
 Rewards, at which his generous Ghost would shake,  
 For who will think that e're his Life was good,  
 Whose Death must be appeas'd with Humane Blood ?

*Pyr.* Vain-idle Prince, whom both Extremes possess,  
 Fear in thy Sufferings, Pride in Happiness !  
 Does this new Mistress your compassion move,  
 To spare her, not for Pity, but for Love ?

Think you the great *Achilles* Son to fright,  
And once more rob his Off-spring of their Right?  
No: with her Blood my Father's Ghost I'll feast,  
His Tomb the Altar, and my self the Priest.  
Deny me this--by Heav'n, he shall receive  
A worthier Victim, fit for me to give.

Since *Priam's* dead, no Sacrifice so good  
To appease his Ghost, as *Agamemnon's* Blood.

*Agam.* A worthy Deed I when tamely he did yield;  
Your Father's poor Old Suppliant to have kill'd.

*Pyr.* He did not, as my Father's Suppliant die;  
I kill'd in him my Countries Enemy,  
But he (good Prince!) had Courage to appear  
Before my Father, when your slavish Fear  
Forc'd you to employ some bolder Messenger.

You fear'd his wrath more than our Enemy:  
You that then durst not Ask, how dare you now Deny?

*Agam.* He did not fear! who, when our Navy lay  
To both the Elements a helpless Prey,  
Buried in Sloth and Pleasure, lay along,  
Feasting his wanton Ears with some lewd Song.

*Pyr.* But know, his peaceful Lute did *Hector* scare  
More than your loudest Instruments of war,  
When, in the midst of all your Panick Fear,  
Kind Peace, and Safety reign'd securely there.

*Agam.* Yes! there was Peace, when *Hector's* Father dar'd  
Amidst our Fleet his bold Requests declare!

*Pyr.* 'Tis God-like in a Prince, another Prince to spare.

*Agam.* Why then by you did poor Old *Priam* die?

*Pyr.* I did but ease him of his Misery.

*Agam.* And must your Pity kill his Daughter too? T

*Pyr.* Can this at last be thought a Crime by You?

*Agam.* I spilt my own to save my Subjects Blood;  
A Prince's Darling is his Countries Good.

*Pyr.* What Law, what Pow'r a Victors Sword can awe?

*Agam.* Where there is none, shame must prescribe a Law.

*Pyr.* A Conquerors Pow'r is measur'd by his Will.

*Agam.* Where that prevails, the Measure is but ill.

*Pyr.* Talk you these things to those, whom Fate and I  
Have bravely free'd from Ten Years slavery.

*Agam.* How, Hotspur! and can Scyros make You proud?

*Pyr.* Scyros, that never blush'd with Brethrens Blood.

*Agam.* A floating spot!—

*Pyr.* But in my Parent-Sea.

Who knows not *Atræus*, and *Thyestes* noble Progeny?

*Agam.* Go, Bastard, go; thou fruit of stol'n-Delight,  
Born of *Achilles* ere he yet durst fight.

*Pyr.* Of that *Achilles*, whose great Ancestors  
In Fame, or Blood shall never yield to Yours.

To whom the frame of this great World obeys:  
Jove rules Heav'n, *Æacus* the Shades, *Thetis* the Seas.

*Agam.* Of that *Achilles*, whom weak *Paris* kill'd!

*Pyr.* With whom no God dare yet engage in open Field.

*Agam.* I could, Young Man, would I exert my Power,  
Silence that Tongue, and bring that Spirit lower.

But You b' our wonted Clemency, have found,  
We never make, but always heal a Wound:

Let God-like *Calchas* finish our Debate:

Him I'll obey; whate'r he speaks, is Fate:

Thou,



Thou, who, when angry Heav'n had stop'd our  
 way, (To Calchas  
 Shew'dst both the Reason, and Rem'dy of our stay.  
 Heav'n's Privy Counsellor, who know'st the Cause,  
 And Change of things, and giv'st blind Mortals Laws;  
 To whom each Bird, each Beast, each bearded Star,  
 The strange Vicissitudes of Fate declare;  
 Thou, whose prophetick Mouth has cost me dear,  
 Speak Heav'n's Commands, and all our Actions steer.

Cal. Your wisd<sup>d</sup> Return your wonted Gifts must buy,  
 Not to be granted, till the Virgin die.  
 Adorn'd with Nuptial Garments she must come,  
 And there be wedded to Achilles Tomb,  
 This Sacrifice the angry Gods will please:  
 This will the great — Pelides' angrier Ghost appease.  
 Nor is this all the Deities desire,  
 But still a nobler Victim they require.  
 Troy's other Hope, the Noble Hector's Son  
 From Ilium's highest Tower must be cast down.  
 Then the kind Gods will send us prosperous Gales:  
 Our Ships shall fill the Sea; the Wind our Sails.

Exeunt.

## CHORUS.

I St true? Or does some Fear our minds deceive,  
 That Souls their Bodies do out-live?  
 When any wretched Mortal dies,  
 And his sad Kindred close his Eyes,

Does



Does not Death finish all his Pain,  
 But must be dye, to live again?  
 Or rather, when our Bodies dye,  
 And with our Breath, our Souls too fly,  
 Is Death the End, and Cure of all our Misery? }  
 Where're all-seeing Phœbus goes,  
 Where're the watry Ocean flows,  
 Nimbler than both, Time posts away;  
 Nor Gods, nor Men his Course can stay.  
 Swift, as the rapid Orbs are hurl'd;  
 Swift, as the Eye of this great World,  
 Our hasty Sand does downwards run,  
 Our Minutes fly, our Life is gone;  
 And when the slippery Guest takes flight,  
 The rest is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.  
 As Smoak dissolves into the Air,  
 And Winds drive Clouds we know not where:  
 So when poor Mortals breathe their last,  
 Their Souls exhale too in a blast;  
 And when the mighty Nothing disappears,  
 Death crowns our hopes, and cures our fears.  
 What place must, after Death our Souls receive?  
 That, where we lay, e're we began to live.  
 Our Souls, as well as Bodies, die;  
 And all is swallow'd up in vast Eternity.  
 Pluto, Elysium, Cerberus are nought  
 But the loose Image of a shapeless Thought.  
 The Poet's, not the Wiseman's Theam.  
 The wild Idea of an empty Dream.

## ACT III.

*Enter Andromache, Astyanax, and an Old Trojan.*

*Andromache.*

**W**HY, wretched *Phrygians*, why d' ye tear your  
Hairs?

Why swell your Breasts with Sighs, your Cheeks with  
Tears?

My Sorrows wear a sadder Livery.

Troy fell but Now to You, Long since to Me.

When fierce *Achilles* my--lov'd *Hector* slew,

And the dear Corps thrice round our City drew,

The Chariot groan'd, and shook beneath Its weight,

Whilst each sad *Trojan* fear'd approaching Fate.

*Hector*, and *Troy* at the same time did fall:

If Tears can quench our Sorrows, they're but small.

I that have Liv'd, would gladly Die his Wife,

And shew my Death as faithful as my Life.

But This sad Pledge of our once happy Loves,

My Fears increases, and my Pity moves.

For His dear sake I live against my will,

And am contented to be wretched still.

My Care for Him has cost me many a Tear,

And robs my miseries of the wretched comfort, not to  
Fear.

No Help, no Remedy for all my Care;  
But all is hopeless Sorrow, and Despair.

*Troj.* Madam, what Fears distract your restless mind?

*And.* Many are Past, but more are still Behind.

Alas! our Sufferings must be worse, and more.

*Troj.* What Curses have the angry Gods in store?

*And.* All, all the mighty Pow'rs of Hell break loose:

And Death it self will triumph over Us.

Had they not slain enough before they bled?

But must they kill us too, even when they're Dead?

Must none but *Grecian* Ghosts return from Thence?

I thought just Death had made no difference.

These are the common Sufferings of us All:

But heavier Sorrows on my Head must fall.

*Troj.* Speak, what sad Omen has Heav'n's anger sent?

*And.* 'Twas, when two parts of the long Night were  
Spent

In Sighs and Tears, when slumber did surprize

My weary Limbs, and clos'd my weeping Eyes.

And straight my lovely *Hector's* Shade appear'd;

Not like that *Hector*, whom the *Grecians* fear'd;

When fierce as Lightning 'mongst their Troops He flew,

And many a treacherous *Grecian* bravely slew,

And in the Feign'd *Achilles'* Death, did wound the True.

Gone was the sprightly Colour of his Face;

Sorrow and Death had banish'd every Grace.

Breathless, and pale by my Bedside he stood:

Stiff was his Hair, and clotted all with Blood.

All Dismal, and all Brave he did appear;

At once he mov'd my Love, at once my Fear.

Once, and again his grievously Locks he shook,  
And thus my dear, my dreadful *Hector* Spoke:

"Thou equal Partner of my faithful Bed,

"Dear while I Liv'd, and Constant now I'm Dead:

"Dare not to sleep, when Danger is so nigh;

"With my poor Boy to some far Countrey fly,

"Or in some secret Cavern let Him lie.

"Weep not for *Troy*, your Tears will do no good;

"But save the little Remnant of my Blood.

He spoke, and straight He left my clouded sight,

And the loose shape dissolv'd into the Night.

I woake, and starting from my Bed amaz'd,

Forsook my Child; and round about me gaz'd.

The Airy Shade was lost in my embrace,

Whilst Fear and Horror fill'd a-round the Place.

Thou only, last, dear Hope of *Troy* and Me; (*To Aftyanax*

The Cause, and Comfort of my Misery:

Too like my *Hector*, and too near his Blood,

Born of a Race too noble, and too good;

Such was thy warlike Father's lovely Face,

The same was every Action, every Grace.

Such were his Eyes, his Limbs so straight and fair;

Such was the Length, and Colour of his Hair.

Too soon thou'rt born to Me; 'bur, Oh! too late,

Or to prevent thy Own, or thy poor Countries Fate.

When will that dear, that wish'd-for Minute come,

When I shall see Thee bravely leading Home

Thy captive, banish'd, scatter'd Countrymen?

When shall Old *Troy*, and We revive again?

Thus

Thus I deceive, and vainly sooth my Grief,  
And dare not hope that Heav'n will send relief:  
Yet all my Hopes, and Fears are bound up in thy Life. }

Alas ! what place, what refuge dare I trust ?  
Our strongest Towers are buried in the Dust :  
Of all the stately Structures of proud Troy,  
There's not enough remains to hide my Boy.

There is a Tomb, where *Hector's* Ashes lie, }  
Fear'd and untouch'd ev'n by the Enemy, }  
A Monument of Old *Priam's* pious Prodigality. }  
Here he shall lay--Cold Sweat bedews my Face !  
I dread the *Omen* of the Fatal place.

*Troj.* These timely Fears both You, and Him may save.

*And.* With Him, my Hopes are buried in the Grave.  
What if some curious *Greek* my Fraud should spy ?

*Troj.* Whate'er you do, be close ; trust no man's Eye ;  
But say, that one day buried Him, and *Troy*.

*And.* Should they but search this Tomb, 'twould prove  
his Last.

*Troj.* A Conqueror's Rage is fierce, but quickly past.

*And.* So dangerous a place I dare not trust.

*Troj.* Others may choose what Helps they please ; let  
Him take what he must.

*And.* To what far Region dare I trust my Fears ?  
What Hope, what Help, what Remedy appears ?

Thou, that didst never fail, assist me now :

*Hector,* avert this sad, this fatal Blow.

Ev'n in thy Death, give Me, and *Troy* relief,  
And let thy faithful Ashes save his Life.



Haste, haste! get in, dear Boy; Oh! why dost turn  
 Away, and such mean Shifts too bravely scorn?  
 See, He's ashamed of Fear--Come, lay aside  
 This early Courage, and this useless Pride,  
 And make the best of Fortune--  
 See, what remains of Troy; great *Hector's* Grave,  
 A helpless Infant, and a wretched Slave.  
 Into this hallow'd Vault undaunted come,  
 In Life thy Refuge, and in Death thy Tomb. *(She puts him into the Tomb.)*  
 Troj. So, now He's safe: and lest your Fears

betray

Your Hopes, be wise, and quickly hast away.

*And.* The more I stay, the less still grows my Fear,  
 Whilst its dear Object, my lov'd Boy's so near. }

Troj. But soft!--The sly *Ulysses* does appear.

*Enter Ulysses.*

*And.* Earth, Hell, or Sea, unlock thy mighty Womb, *(Aside.)*  
 And let my Boy into thy Centre come:  
 Let Him for ever There securely lie,  
 Free from *Ulysses* fatal Treachery.

Some wretched *Phrygian* to fresh woes he dooms,  
 And big with some new Mischief, hither comes.

*Ulyss.* Madam, with Patience my sad Message bear,  
 Think not *Ulysses* speaks; what You must hear,  
 But *Greece*, whose wish'd Return is sought in vain,  
 Whilst the least drop of *Hector's* Blood remains.

'Tis That that keeps our Wind-bound Navy here,  
 As long as Troy can Hope, *Greece* ought to Fear.

*And.*



*And.* Does this mad Oracle from *Calchas* come?

*Ulyss.* *Hector* had taught us this, had He been dumb.

*Hector*, whose very Name renews my Fears,  
In whose brave Son his Spirit too soon appears.

So the Young Follower of some numerous Herd,  
Whose budding Horns scarce through his Skin appear'd,  
Straight as the sprouting Branch adorns his Head,  
His mighty Father's Flock does proudly lead.

The tender Sucker of some ancient Tree  
Spreads, like its Sire, and quickly shoots as high;  
Its Branches shade the Earth, Its Top out-braves the Sky: }

Just so a small neglected Spark of Fire,  
Does to its great Original aspire.

Grief, Madam, is too partial a Judge;  
You could not else so small a favour grudge;  
If the poor Souldier, after Ten long Years,  
Grown Old in Sufferings, a new *Hector* fears, }

In whom the only Hope of *Troy* appears.  
'Tis He alone our *Remora* does prove;  
And You alone can all our Fears remove.

Now, lest You think me cruel, who am come,  
Not by my Choice, but Fate, to speak his Doom,  
Know, had the Lot appointed Me alone,  
I had not stuck to ask *Atrides'* Son.

With *Hector's* Courage all your Losses bear,  
And learn to suffer, from Your Conqueror. (Arms!!)

*And.* 'Wou'd the dear Boy were lock'd within these  
Or that I knew what Fate, what Art, what Charms  
Had snatch'd him hence, not ail Your haughty Words,  
Your strictest Tortures, or your sharpest Swords

Should

Should ravish the dear Secret from my Heart,  
In which *Astyanax* claims the greatest part.

What Place, what Region hides my Joy, my Love?  
Dost thou in some untrodden Desert rove?

Or do the Clouds of thy poor Countries Smeak,  
Thy dear, thy lovely Breath unkindly choak?

Or dost thou on the mournful *Ida* lay,  
To all its Birds and Beasts a helpless Prey?

*Ulyss.* Think not, fond Woman, that thou art believ'd:  
Think not *Ulysses* is so soon deceiv'd.

A thousand Mothers wiles I could out-do,  
Though they were Deities, and Women too:

Come, leave these useless Arts. Say, where's the Boy?

*And.* Where's *Priam*, *Hector*, *Paris*? Where's all *Troy*?  
You look for One, but I for all must seek.

*Ulyss.* Tortures, and Racks shall quickly make you  
speak.

*And.* They scorn your Threats, that dare, that wish to die.

*Ulyss.* Death soon will cool this short-liv'd Bravery.

*And.* Would't it make me Fear? Then threaten me with  
Life.

For Death's the Cure, and not the Cause of Grief.

*Ulyss.* Are you so Brave? Our stiffest Racks shall tear  
It from your Breast, and teach you how to Fear.

Tortures shall bend, or break your stubborn Will:  
Come, let not Rashness hide, what Fear must soon reveal.

*And.* Death, Famine, Fire, and all the dreadful Train  
Of Torments, all the cruel'st Arts of Pain,  
All that a raging Conqueror's fury dare  
Infiict, and more for Him I w'd gladly bear.

*Ulyss.*

*Ulyss.* Still resolute!--This rash, this stubborn Love,  
Does the like doubts, and fears in th' *Grecians* move.  
After a tedious War of Ten long Years,  
Less were the Danger, Madam, less our Fears,  
Were these the last; but we must dread new War:  
You for our Sons fresh Enemies prepare.

*And.* Must then--(And do I live to ask?) must We  
Heighten your Pleasure by our Misery?  
Rejoice, proud Prince, once more my Conqueror:  
My dear, my lov'd *Astyanax* is no more.

*Ulyss.* Can this be true?---

*And.* Even so may welcome Death  
Gently, and kindly stop my yielding Breath:  
So, when in Death, I, and my *Hector* meet,  
Soft may our Pillows be, our Slumbers sweet,  
As in the Grave *Astyanax* is laid,  
And all the Funeral-Rites by wretched Me were paid.

*Ulyss.* The welcom News to th' *Grecian* Camp I'll bear;  
News, which each longing *Greek* will gladly hear.

But stay!--

The well-dissembled Story I receive  
From Her, in whom 'tis Piety to deceive.

Curses to Her no longer they appear,  
Since made to save the All She reckons dear, }  
And losing that, She nothing else can fear. }

But She has solemnly and deeply sworn---  
What can She suffer more than She has born?

Now all thy Cunning, all thy Arts imploy:  
Be whole *Ulysses*; sound the pious Lie,

And search her Weakness--see her very Fears,  
 Her Sighs, her Looks, her Walks betray her Fears,  
 And every word I speak, does wound her Ears.  
 Her Fear exceeds her Sorrow--

Others, indeed, may curse the Crimes of Fate: *(To her)*  
 Madam, Your Loss we must congratulate.  
 Had He surviv'd, he had but liv'd to fall  
 Down the steep precipice of yon' Turret's wall.

*And.* I shake all o're! my frozen Blood does start. *(Aside.)*  
 To the forsaken Channels of my Heart.  
*Ulyss.* See, see, She shakes.--Once more I'll try her  
 here, *(Aside.)*

Whilst her unwary Love betrays her Fear.

Go--find the curled Brat, where'er he lies; *(To his Attendants.)*  
 If Dead, we'll burn him; if Alive, he dies.

'Tis well--We have him--Ha! Why look you back? *To her.*  
 What fearful apprehensions make you shake?

*And.* Wou'd I had Cause! With him my Fears are gone:  
 But who can soon Forget what one has Learnt too long?

*Ulyss.* Since he has perish'd by a milder Fate,  
 And Heav'n has publish'd Its Commands too late,  
 To be obey'd; thus Learned Calchas says,  
 Great Hector's hallow'd Monument we must raze;  
 And strew his Ashes in the neighbouring Seas.  
 Now, since our just Requests you can refuse,  
 Heav'n must this pious Sacrilege excuse.

*And.* What shall I do? From whether shall I part? *(Aside.)*  
 Each claims an equal portion in my Heart.  
 Witness, Ye Gods, by whom we were betray'd  
 Witness, thou greater God, my Hector's shade:

Nothing

Nothing so lovely in my Boy I see,  
As the dear Image that He bears of Thee.  
Then let Him live--But shall that sacred place  
Be raz'd, and shall thy Ashes stain the face  
Of the rude Ocean? Rather let him Die,  
And pay that Life again, which he receiv'd from Thee.

But can I see the helpless Infant thrown,  
And rudely hurl'd from yon' high Turret down?  
I can, and will, but Oh! I cannot bear  
To see thy Ashes scatter'd in the Air.

The Boy has sense, to feel their Cruelty;  
But Thou from Sense, or Pain, too safe dost lie. }  
Which must I count the greater Misery?

How! Can I doubt?--On this side *Hector* lays.

'Tis false---for *Hector* suffers either way.

He lives; in Him my only Hopes appear:

Then let him Live, whose Life the *Grecians* fear.

*Ulyss.* Break up the Tomb--

*And.* What! that which you have sold?

*Ulyss.* Nothing shall stay me--

*And.* Hold! *Ulysses*, hold!

By all that's good, or just, your Fury stay,

And please the cruel Gods some other way.

From this rude violence his dear Ashes save.

*Pyrrhus*, protect those Gifts thy noble Father gave.

*Ulyss.* What angry Heav'n condemns, I may not spare.

*And.* Your blackest Crimes did ne'er proceed so far.

Our fairest Temples ye have overthrown:

The Shrines o' th' patient Gods y' have batter'd down; }

But Tombs have escap'd your Sacrilegious hand. }



Shall I alone their well-arm'd Rage withstand? *Aside.*  
 Revenge shall strengthen, Love shall guide my Hand.  
 Just as the warlike Maid, amidst her Troops  
 Routed the faithless *Greeks*, and dash'd their hopes :  
 As the wild *Maenade* through the Woods did rove,  
 And kill'd the darling Object of her Love :  
 Thus I'll undaunted rush amongst them all.  
 And for His Ashes Fight ; or with them Fall.

*Ulyss.* Can a weak Womans Tears your Passions  
 sway ? *(To his Attendants.)*

Or will you Heav'n's Commands, and Mine obey ?

*And.* Let me redeem Him, though my Life's the  
 Price.

Rise, my lov'd *Hector*, from *Elysium* rise.

Let thy weak Ghost their weaker Rage withstand.

He comes ! he comes !---And see in yon' right hand,

He shakes his Sword, and darts a dreadful light. }

And does not This your rash Attempts affright ? }

Or does the airy Phantome cheat my sight ? }

*Ulyss.* You rave in vain : I'll break the Mon'ment down.

*And.* And shall one Ruin overwhelm my Husband and  
 my Son ? *(Aside.)*

It must not be : I'll try some gentler way ;

And since I cannot Terrifie, I'll Pray.

The Stone will quickly fall, as if 'twere meant

To be at once his Death, and Monument.

No : let his Blood some other way be spilt ;

Not stain his Father's Tomb with such a Guilt.

See, great *Ulysses*, a sad Mother see,  
 That never Kneel'd to any man but Thee.

*(To Him.)*

Let

Let thy hard Heart be melted with my Tears,  
 Pity my Sufferings, and receive my Prayers.  
 Gently, Oh! gently all my Sorrowsease,  
 Whate'er you grant the wretched, more will please }  
 Just Heav'n, than all the Pomp and Cost of Sacrifice. }  
 So may you safe return, and end your Life  
 I' th' chaste Embraces of your faithful Wife:  
 So may your lov'd *Telemachus* equalize  
 His Grandfires Years, his Father's Policies ;  
 As You to Me and Him shall gentle prove.

*Ulyss.* Madam, produce the Boy, and trust our Love!

*Exit Andromache, and re-enters with Astyanax.*

*Andromache.*

Come forth, unhappy Infant; come ;  
 Forsake thy noble Father's Tomb.  
 See, great *Ulysses*, see, He's here,  
 Whom all Your Thousand Ships did fear.

Come, leave this useless Pride, thus low *(To A-  
 styanax.*  
 Beneath our Conqueror's Feet let's bow.

Since Fortune cannot be withstood,  
 Forget the honour of thy Blood,  
 Forget great *Priam's* happy State,  
 And let thy Mind be levell'd to thy Fate.

Come, kneel ; and if thou canst not see, }  
 Nor feel the burden of thy Misery, }

Yet maist thou learn to weep from Me. }

*Troy* long before, a Prince's Tears has seen ; }

Nor have they unsuccessful been ; }

For they even *Hercules* could win :

The mighty *Hercules*, whose Name  
 Employs the willing Voice of Fame,  
 Who Thither went, and Thence return'd, whence never  
 Mortal came.

Mov'd with his harmless Enemies Tears,  
 Forgot his Wrongs, and cur'd all *Priam's* Fears.  
 Govern, said He, thy faithless Fathers Land,  
 But Rule it with a juster Hand.

Thus was He settled in his Throne,  
 And by his Father's Sufferings gain'd a Crown.  
 Learn from *Alcides' Anger* to be Kind. *(To Ulysses.)*

Or can his fatal Arms alone content Your Mind?  
 Before Your Feet no less a Suppliant lies,  
 With lift-up Hands, and down-cast Eyes.

Let Him his Life alone enjoy;  
 We care not what becomes of *Troy*.

*Ulyss.* What Rock these Sighs and Prayers unmov'd  
 could hear? *(Aside.)*

But all the *Grecian* Dames with me must fear:  
 His Life may cost each Mother many a Tear.

*And.* Can this great Pile be rais'd by such a Boy?  
 Can these weak Hands re-build, or fight for *Troy*?  
 Or can these Arms his tottering Country prop?  
 No: 'twere a groundless, and a desperate hope.  
 Do we thus Low, and yet thus Dreadful lay?  
 And can the Lion fear his helpless Prey?  
 Can the great Father's Soul inspire the Son?  
 Th' Effect remains not, when its Cause is gone.  
 His Father's Fate a braver mind would quell,  
 Fraught with the mighty burden of his ills.

Rather

Rather than Perish, let him ever lie  
Beneath the slavish Yoke of base Captivity.  
What Tyrant can this poor Request deny?

*Ulyss.* Then *Calchas* is that Tyrant, and not I.

*And.* And dare You, vile Dissembler, break Your word?  
Base man, whose Tongue is smother than thy Sword,  
And sharper too: We suffer not alone;  
But *Greece* it self beneath thy Crafts does groan.  
Blaspheme not Heav'n: Its Deities are more kind;  
By Thee alone this Mischiefe was design'd.  
Go, Midnight-Souldier; go dissembling Scout:  
In the Sun's face thou dar'st not venture out.

Go, set Your mighty VVit against a Boy,  
VVho, could he wield a Sword, should Conquer Thee.

*Ulyss.* *Greece* knows my Prowess enough, and *Troy* too  
well.

VVhat You have suffer'd, sure I need not tell.

But, while in fruitless words I lose the Day,  
The winds swell all our Sails, and chide my stay.

*And.* Hold! whilst this last, this parting Kiss I pay.  
Let me with Tears be-dew that lovely Face:  
Let me, Oh! let me die in his Embrace.

*Ulyss.* I w'd gladly, if I might, this Loss retrieve,  
But take the only Favour I can give,  
And freely use the wretched power to Grieve.

*And.* Thou last great Martyr, that must die for  
*Troy*,  
(*To Ashtanax.*)

My much lov'd *Hector's* no less lovely Boy,  
How have I promis'd Thee the happiness  
Of *Priam's* Years, and *Hector's* great Success!

But

But Heav'n with scorn on all my Prayers look'd down,  
 And now that Head must never wear a Crown.  
 Ne'er must those tender Hands a Scepter wield;  
 Never, Oh! never thy poor Country shield.  
 Oft have I wish'd (but Oh! I wish'd in vain!)  
 By Thee t' have seen the cruel *Pyrrhus* slain,  
 And in the Son, Revenge upon the Father ta'en.  
 The foaming Boar thou never wilt pursue,  
 And teach us what thy ripen Years might do.  
 Nor in the solemn Pomp o' th' Lustral Year,  
 Bravely i' th' head of all thy Mates appear,  
 And *Ilium's* Fate, our lost *Palladium* bear.  
 Nor in great *Dyndimene's* hallow'd Grove  
 Wilt Thou to th' Musick's tuneful measures move.  
 O dismal Fate! Our guilty walls must see,  
 Than *Hector's* Death a greater Cruelty.

*Ulyss.* Madam, in vain your Time and Tears you  
 spend:

Your Sorrows are too great to find an End.

*And.* Oh! let these Tears, the Messengers of Grief,  
 Seal the dear Infant's Eyes, whilst yet h' has Life.

Go, fearless, go, no longer now a slave: (*To Astyanax.*)  
 Brave, though thou'rt Young, and Dreadful in the Grave.  
 Go, see thy Father; Death will set Thee free,  
 And loose the tedious Bonds of Life and Slavery.

*Ast.* Oh! help me, Mother!---

Why dost catch my Hand?

What Power, what force, can Heav'n and Greece with-  
 stand?



Just so the tender Heifer, when she hears }  
The Lion's voice, with trembling hast retires, }  
And by her Mothers side lays down her fears. }  
But when her kind Protectress once is gone,  
And the poor helpless Captive is alone,  
The angry Beast with cruel sport does play  
With his small Prize, then snatches it away. "

Here! These dear Tokens to my *Hector* bear:  
These Tears---these Kisses---and these Locks of Hair.  
Nay, chide him too; for if (as there must need) }  
The care of them that Live does reach the Dead }  
And with their Souls, their Love too is not fled. }  
Canst Thou (U. kind!) thus long, thus tamely lie,  
An idle witness of my slavery?  
Cannot the force of all my Miseries  
Break the firm Seals of thy clos'd Tomb, and Eyes?

Here! take more Hair: my flaming Eyes are drain'd  
Of all the little moisture that remain'd,  
Since *Hector's* Death--- Leave this sad Legacy, (*His Mantle.*)  
And let it teach me to remember Thee.

Touch'd by his Tomb, and Thee, 'tis doubly Dear; }  
If the least part of's sacred Dust is here, }  
I'll cleanse it with my Lips, and wash it with a Tear. }

*Ulyss.* Your Grief wasts Time: I can no longer stay.  
Go, snatch the peevish, lingering Brat away.

*Exeunt*

CHO.

## CHORUS.

**W**hither, Oh! whither must we fly?  
 To what sad Scene of new Captivity?  
 Shall we to Phthia, or to Tempe go,  
 And make that pleasant Shade a Witness of our Woe?  
 Or to Mothone, whose too fruitful Darts  
 Have more than once gone through our Hearts?  
 Or to the lofty Pelion's Top,  
 (Th' ambitious Giants strongest Hope.)  
 Where on some craggy Mount old Chiron laid,  
 And to his listening Pupil play'd.  
 Some warlike Tune his Courage did prepare,  
 And made those peaceful Arts the Instruments of War.  
 To any Region let us run,  
 So we may fatal Sparta shun.  
 Oh! may we never Sparta see:  
 Sparta the Cause of all our Misery.  
 Unhappy Hecube! whose hard Fate  
 Thy wretched Age does captivate.  
 Under what Tyrant must thou spend  
 Thy days, till with thy Life, thy Miseries find an end.

A C T.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Helen sola.**Helen.*

**W**hen angry Heav'n with Curses does prepare  
 To couple any inauspicious Pair,  
 Let after-Ages say, the ominous *Helen's* there.  
*Troy's* Nuptial, and its Funeral-Torch once more }  
 'Tis I must light : I must betray the poor }  
 Unhappy Bride ; I'd done too much before,  
 In my destructive Love of *Paris* : now  
 I must betray his harmless Sister too.  
 Yes, I will do't ; I'll fill her Soul with Joy :  
 All glorious, and all chearful she shall Die,  
 So less her Fears, and less my Guilt will be.

*Enter to Her Andromache, Hecuba, and*  
*Polyxena.*

Thou last fair Branch of *Priam's* noble Stock, (*To Polyxena.*)  
 Rejoice ; some kinder Deity does look  
 With pity on your Sufferings, and prepares  
 To crown Your Wishes, and to cure Your Fears.  
*Pyrhus* must be Your Bridegroom : 'tis the voice  
 Of *Greece*, and Heav'n it self confirms our Choice.

Each happy God will be Your great Ally,  
And every Goddess in his Parent-Sea.

Come, dry those Tears, those mournful Garments  
leave,

VI TO A

And this glad Livery of Joy receive.  
With Care your torn, dishevell'd Tresses place,  
And set forth all the Beauties of Your Face.  
Your subt'lest Art, Your strongest Charms employ,  
And let Your Conqueror feel the Conquest of Your Eye.

Too long indeed we've Strangers been to Joy.  
See how the greedy Flames still feed on Troy.

Oh! 'tis a glorious Sight! How well 'twould prove  
The Scene not of our Sorrow, but our Love!

Go, quickly go; 'twere Treason not to obey  
These Summons, when our Father bids away.

Thou equal Plague to Greece, and *them* too, (To Helen.)

Canst thou unmov'd behold this dismal Show

Of catter'd Bones? Canst thou see Paris Tomb

Yet fresh, and can that treach'rous Heart find room

For Love and Nuptials? See, on every Plain,

The Men, whom thy adulterous Love has slain,

Unburied, and unpitied long have lain.

For Thee, thou glorious Whore, the richest Blood

Of Troy was spilt, whilst unconcern'd You stood,

And from our Walls, scarce weeping at the Sight,

Beheld Your two unhappy Husbands fight,

And knew not which to favour.

Go, Let the Bridal-Bed be quickly made,

Let all the richest Ornaments be laid!

What

What need we Flames, the happy Pair to light?  
 What need we Torches, when *Tray* burns so bright?  
 Nay, Musick too their Nuptial Rites shall grace;  
 And Sighs, and hollow Groans shall fill the Place.

*Hel.* Though Minds thus full of woe no words can  
 move,

And Grief its fellow-sufferers best does love,  
 Do You impartial Judges of my Sorrows prove. (a To Andromache.  
 a You shed for *Hector*, b You for *Priam* Tears. b To Hecuba.

Alas! my Grievs are greater, and my Fears. ha  
 And lest the jealous Prince my Tears should see,  
 I dare not Weep for *Paris*, though He Di'd for Me. }  
 Thus am I driv'd even my Misery. : 311

Great were Your Sufferings, but Your Fears are past :  
 Less were my Sorrows, if they were my Last.

Great is Your Number, and Your Troubles few :  
 I suffer from the Conqueror, and she Conquer'd too.

All other Captives kinder Masters have,  
 But I must be my cruel Husband's slave.

Justly might *Tray*, and You have curs'd my Name,  
 Had I unsought, unferch'd to *Paris* came :

But since to Violence I was made a Prey,  
 And from my Friends and Country forc'd away,

Blame Your own *Paris*, whose unhappy voice  
 First favour'd *Venus*; then made Me his fatal Choice.

My Husbands Censure I must undergo,  
 He'll be my Judge, and my Accuser too.

Cease, fair *Andromache*, a-while to grieve,  
 And comfort Here: my Tears won't give Me leave.



*And.* Sure some great Evil's nigh, when She can Weep;  
 But She's a *Grecian*: the Design's too deep,  
 For Me to fathom. Say, what new Command  
 You bring from *Greece*: what mischief's now in hand?  
 Say, must this helpless *Virgin* too be thrown  
 From *Ida's* Top, or from some Turret down,  
 Or must She from some Cliff's vast Precipice  
 Be rudely cast into the neighbouring Seas?  
 Say, fair Deceiver, what new *Treason* lies  
 Under the flattering Tears of those false Eyes?  
 Nay, speak thy worst: for sure there can't be worse,  
 And *Pyrrhus'* Nuptials are our greatest Curse.  
 We ask not Life: (too long, alas! we've liv'd;)  
 But only beg our Miseries be n't deceiv'd.

*Hel.* Wou'd the great Oracle of *Greece* would bid  
 Me leave this hated Life, and for Her Bleed  
 Won'd I might share, or else prevent her Doom,  
 And for Her be espous'd to great *Achilles'* Tomb.

*And.* See, how unmov'd the dismal News she hears,  
 With joyful haste for Nuptials she prepares,  
 And less his Tomb, than his Son's Bed she fears.

But her poor Mother sinks beneath her Grief:  
 She faints! Oh! let us soon recall her Life,  
 And cheer her drooping Spirits.—She ope's her Eyes,  
 And Death's afraid to ease her Miseries.

*Hec.* Lives then *Achilles* still to work me Harm?  
 Oh! the weak force of wretched *Paris* Arm!  
 Can't his Immortal Anger be withstood?  
 But must his cruel Ashes thirst for Blood?

But now encompass'd with a numerous Crowd  
Of all my happy Progeny I stood,  
And equally to All my Kisses I bestow'd.  
Now this poor Girl, of All, remains alone,  
And with the Rest, my Hopes and Joys are gone :  
Now She alone can call me Mother---

Dear Girl, come hither---Oh ! how I desire  
Amidst thy lov'd Embraces to expire !  
See, see, in pity of my Ills, she cries.  
Let none but Tears of Joy bedew those Eyes.  
Come, let me kiss those lovely Pearls away.  
How would *Cassandra* for such Nuptials pray !

*And.* 'Tis We, dear Mother, We alone must grieve,  
Whom where they please, the faithless Winds must drive.  
Whilst happier She i' th' silent Grave is laid.

*Hel.* Knew You Your Fate, You w'd think the beau-  
teous Maid  
Still happier----

*And.* Sure my lils I ha'n't forgot.

*Hel.* Then know, You're made unhappy slavest'a Lot.

*And.* Which of my Conquerors must I Master call ?

*Hel.* Madam, to happy *Pyrrhus* share You fall.

*Hec.* Happy *Cassandra* ! Sure her Rage will save  
Her Honour : She, I hope, is no man's slave.

*Hel.* The King chose Her---

*Hec.* And whom must I obey ?

*Hel.* You are unwilling *Ithacus's* Prey.

*Hec.* And must I fall beneath a Prince's hand ?

Blind Deities ! why could Ye not command

The fatal Lots more equally to fall  
Ye might have been more just, though not more kind  
to all.

Must I again my *Hector's* Annals see,  
And with the sight renew my Misery?  
And blush more at my Master, than my slavery?  
Now I am truly wretched—Yes, I'll go  
But may my usual Fate go with me tobb

May some great Tempest swell the raging Sea,  
And may the Winds be merciless as They.  
May all the mighty Ills which I have born,  
Doubly upon my Conquerors Heads require.  
If Heav'n grant this, no longer I'll repine,  
But think Their Sufferings a Reward for Mine.

But see, fierce *Pyrrhus* hastens to the Place,  
Big with Revenge and Anger in his Face.  
Let Me be wedded to thy Father's Grave,  
And rid *Ulysses* of a hated slave.  
You kill'd Old *Priam*: pray dispatch me too.  
Sure I am Old enough to die by You.

Go, thou base Murderer, inhumane Priest,  
And glut the cruel Gods with such a Feast.  
Great as my Ills, what Curse shall I invent?  
What heavy, new, unheard of Punishment?  
May You for ever want a Prosperous Gale!  
May none but blust'ring Boreas fill Your Sails,  
And nought but Grief Your Bosoms—This on All:  
But on *Ulysses* Ship may heavier Curses fall.

*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

**L**ess are the Grievs we undergo,  
 When they are felt by Others too.  
 Less are our Sorrows, less our Fears,  
 The more our Company appears.  
 Great Grievs, like Burdens, are more light,  
 The more there are to share the Weight.  
 And none, with Justice, can refuse  
 To bear the Fortune Others use.  
 Take from the Rich their Gold away,  
 And Poor men are as good as They.  
 When we see happier Men, we grieve,  
 And all our Sorrows are Comparative.  
 'Tis this does all our Sufferings ease,  
 To see that Others bear no less.  
 He only does his Fate bemoan,  
 Who in a single Ship alone  
 Has plough'd the Seas, and after some great Wrack,  
 With a light Ship, and heavy Heart comes back.  
 Who sees the Dangers of a sinking Fleet,  
 Thinks not his Sufferings are so great.  
 H' has this sad Comfort of his Misery,  
 That All, as well as He, must die.  
 When the proud Master of the Golden Fleece,  
 With his dear Burden cross'd the Seas,  
 Phryxus with Tears saw Helle drown:  
 Well might he weep, when he was left Alone.

So, when the only best Pair,  
 That could our wretched Race repair,  
 Of all Mankind alone remain'd,  
 Each happy in the Other, ne'er complain'd.  
 Thus, by our Conquerors, when we're snatch'd away,  
 A helpless, but a numerous Prey;  
 The Wind shall scatter all our Tears,  
 Our Number shall secure our Fears.  
 What shall we say, when on the Deck we stand,  
 And from a far behold the less'ning Land?  
 What shall we think, when Ida's Tops grow less,  
 And with the Seas, our Fears increase?  
 And, when our Sons shall seek their Native Land,  
 Each wretched Mother, pointing with her hand,  
 (The Tears still trickling from her Eyes,)  
 Shall cry, See, yonder Ilium lies,  
 Where those black Clouds of curling Smoak do rise.

## ACT V.

*Enter Andromache, and Hecuba, and to them a Messenger.*

*Messenger.*

**O**H! horrid, cruel Tyranny of Death!  
 My very News has put me out of Breath.  
 What Thing so sad has happen'd any Year,  
 As neither I dare Speak, nor You can Hear?  
 Oh! ask not that which in a Womans Ear,  
 Would make another Murder---

*Hec.*



*Hec.* Speak the worst.

With greater Sorrows, sure I can't be curs'd.

*Mess.* Your *a* Daughter, and your *b* Son, are now no more :

But Both with Constancy their Sufferings bore.

*And.* Describe the dismal Scene, but be not brief ;  
Speak all : for I am harden'd now with Grief.

Be plain, and each Particular declare,  
For I can hear it all without a Tear.

*Mess.* There is a Tower from the Flames fury free,  
Spard only for this greater Cruelty,  
On whose high Top Old *Priamus* d to stand,  
And with his Eye, and Voice our Troops command,  
Here with his Princely Grand-child oft he stood,  
And to the Boy his Father's Battels show'd.  
This Tower has once our chiefest Bulwark been :  
'Tis now of Blood and Death the dismal Scene.

Hither the giddy Rabble flock'd to see  
With greedy Eyes the Royal Infant die.  
From this high Tower a pretty distant space,  
A steep and lofty Hill commands the Place.  
On That a Rock, on which the gazing Crowd,  
Big with the cruel Expectation, stood.

On all the neighbouring Trees, whole Armies fate :  
(The loaded Branches crack'd beneath their weight.)  
And one with hast some ragged Mount does climb :  
Another (Oh ! the sacrilegious Crime !)  
Stands on great *Hector's* Tomb ; One climbs a Wall,  
Which, with its wretched weight does fall.

Lo ! the Press breaks ; and big with cruel Joy  
The curs'd *Ulysses* leads the Princely Boy.

Th' undaunted Youth mounts fearless to the Place,  
 With Innocence triumphant in his Face.  
 When from the Tower he saw the gazing Rout,  
 Round him he flung a scornful Look about.  
 So some fierce Lion's whelp, whose tender Age  
 Has not as yet well arm'd his toothless Rage,  
 With eager Fury whets his horny Claws,  
 And tries the utmost anger of his Jaws.  
 Thus fearless the young Martyr thither came,  
 And fill'd his cruel Enemies with Shame.  
 This, when they saw, straight the relenting Crowd  
 In sighs and tears express'd their Grief aloud:  
 Nay, even *Ulysses* wept, and spight of all  
 His Cruelty, resistless Tears did fall.  
 Then, when the cruel Sacrifice was done,  
 Piti'd by All, Himself unmov'd alone,  
 Down the deep Precipice himself He cast,  
 And 'midst his Countries Ruines breath'd his Last.

*And.* What barbarous cruel *Colebian* e'er could hear,  
 Much less perform such Crimes? What *Scythian* dare  
 But think upon this Murder, and not Fear?  
 To be compar'd with These, *Busiris* was too good:  
 His Altars ne'er were stain'd with Infants Blood.  
 This was a Crime unknown to *Diomed*;  
 He with such tender meat his Horses scorn'd to feed:  
 Dear Child! to what fierce Beast art' made a Prey?  
 Where shall thy mangled, scatter'd Members lay?

*Mess.* Talk not of Them: when from the Tower he flew,  
 The Fall destroy'd both Life, and Carcass too.  
 His innocent Blood the guilty Turret stains:  
 He sprinkled all the *Grecians* with his Brains,  
 And nothing now of the dear Boy remains.

*And.*

*And.* Still like his Father-----

*Mess.* When this was done, at first the Rabble mourn'd,  
But to a greater Cruelty return'd.

With eager haſt the thronging *Grecians* came,  
And flock about the curs'd *Achilles'* Tomb.

This place was deſtin'd for the Scene of Blood.

On two near Hills the gazing Army ſtood :

Between a fatal Valley ſtretch'd out wide,

And Groves of Spears appear'd on every ſide.

Here for the beauteous Bride they all attend,

Some glad that with her Life, their Fears muſt end :

Some, that ſhe was the laſt of *Priam's* ſtock :

Some ſeem to hate the Crime, on which they gladly look :

And here and there a *Trojan* did appear,

Who came to ſee her die, and ſhed a Tear.

Then through a Lane of *Grecians*, in a row,

Before the Bride Five Nuptial Torches go.

Next, *Helen* follow'd, hanging down her Head.

(Oh ! may *Hermione* ſuch a Husband wed !)

Straight She appear'd alone, with Looks might move

Grief in each *Trojan*, in each *Grecian* Love.

Her Eyes ſhe turn'd with modeſt ſorrow down,

And in her Face unuſual Beauties ſhone :

So Evening Bluſhes grace the ſetting Sun.

Her Courage ſome, and ſome her Beauty prais'd,

But all with various Paſſions ſtrangely gaz'd,

Some ſad, ſome ſham'd, ſome weeping, all amaz'd.

Thus in ſlow ſtate the mournful Train was come,

Where *Pyrrhus* ſtanding on his Father's Tomb,

With joyful anger held the fatal Knife,

Prepar'd to cut the tender Thread of Life.

Fear-

Fearless She look'd her Murderers in the Face,  
 Whilst silent sorrow fill'd a round the Place.  
 Mov'd at her God-like Constancy, He shook,  
 And scarce had Courage left to give the stroke,  
 Straight as the cruel weapon reach'd her Heart,  
 A streaming Spring of Vital Blood did start  
 Through the wide wound. She still out-brav'd her Fate,  
 And made *Achilles' Ashes* groan beneath her weight.

What Tongue the Grief, and Horror can express,  
 Which did both Parties equally possess?  
 In silent Tears their Grievs the *Trojans* show'd:  
 The howling *Grecians* spake their Pity Loud.  
 About the Tomb, at first the Deluge flow'd,  
 And straight the thirsty Ashes drank the sinking Blood.

*Hec.* Go, barbarous *Grecians*, now securely go,  
 And let your swelling Canvase loosely flow.  
 Now boast y' have murder'd all the hopes of *Troy*,  
 Y' have kill'd a harmless Virgin, and a helpless Boy.

Whither! Oh! whither shall I bear my Grief?  
 Where spend the Remnant of my hated Life?  
 Shall I for *Priam*, or for *Hector* groan?  
 Or for them All? Or for My self alone?  
 Come, welcom Death, thou best, thou only Cure  
 Of all I must, or all I do endure.

From Me alone the cruel Tyrant runs: (thuns.)  
 And midst these Swords, and Flames a wretched Captive  
 Why, cruel *Grecians*, why was I preserv'd?  
 To what fresh Miseries am I still reserv'd?

*Mess.* We must be gone: for see, the *Grecian* Sails  
 Are loosen'd to receive the flying Gales.

F I N I S.